

Brut. I spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numas* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hoftilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Scicm. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That hee's your fixed enemy; and reuoke
Your suddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both obserue and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Scicm. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the streame o'th' People:
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter *Coriolanus*, *Menenius*, all the Gentry,
Cominius, *Titus Lartius*, and other Senators.

Corio. *Tullius Aufidius* then had made new head.
Lartius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Confull) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lartius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vildly
Yielded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Lartius. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Lartius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium liues he?

Lartius. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance.

Scicm. Passe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on-- No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Mene. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. *Cominius*, no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way, he shall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Scicm. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are these your Heard?

Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not set them on?

Mene. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and liue with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:

The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblesse.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them thence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Confull by yond Clouds
Let me deferre so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicm. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Confull,

Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Defer'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't againe.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.

My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:

For the mutable ranke-sent Meynie,

Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,

And therein behold themselves: I say againe,

In soothing them, we nourish gainst our Senate

The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,

Which we our selues haue plow'd for, sow'd, & scatter'd,

By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,

Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that

Which they haue giuen to Beggars.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Countrey, I haue shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coinde words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdaine should Tetter vs, yet fought
The very way to catch them.

Brut. You speake a'th' people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmitie.

Scicm. Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.

Scicm. It is a minde that shall remain a poison

Where it is: not payson any further.

Corio. Shall remain?

Heere you this Triton of the *Minimoes*? Marke you

His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why

You graue, but wreakelesse Senators, haue you thus

Giuen Hydra heere to choose an Officer,

That with his peremptory Shall, being but

The horne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit

To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,

And make your Channell his? If he haue power,

Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake

Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,

Benot as common Fooles; if you are not,

Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,

If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,

When both your voices blended, the great't taste

Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,

And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,

His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench

Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,

It makes the Confulls base; and my Soule akes

To know, when two Authorities are vp,

Neither Supream; How soone Confusion

May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take

The one by th' other.

Com. Well, on to'th' Market place.

Corio. Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth

The Corne a'th' Store-houle gratis, as 'twas vs'd

Sometime in Greece.

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute powre

I say they norish disobedience; fed, the ruin of the State.

Brut. Why shall the people giue

One that speakes thus, their voyce?

Corio. Ile giue my Reasons,

More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne

Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd

They ne're did seruice for't; being prest to'th' Warre,

Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,

They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Service

Did not deserue Corne gratis. Being i'th' Warre,

There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd

Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th' Accusation

Which they haue often made against the Senate,

All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Natue

Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?

How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest

The Senates Courtisie? Let deeds expresse

What's like to be their words, We did request it,

We are the greater pole, and in true feare

They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debase

The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Brut. Enough, with ouer measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Scale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdaine with cause, the other
Is full without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no

Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
Reall Necessities, and giue way the while

To vnstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,

You that will be lesse fearefull, then discrete,

That loue the fundamentall part of State

More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre

A Noble life, before a Long, and With,

To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,

That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out

The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick

The sweet which is their payson. Your dishonor

Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State

Of that Integrity which should becom't:

Not hauing the power to do the good it would

For th'ill which doth controul't.

Brut. Has said enough.

Scicm. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer

As Traitors do.

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:

What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience failes

To'th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:

When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,

Then were they chosen: in a better houre,

Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet,

And throw their power i'th' dust.

Brut. Manifest Treason.

Scicm. This a Confull? No.

Enter an Edile.

Brut. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:

Scicm. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe

Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:

A Foe to'th' publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,

And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat.

All. Wee'l Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones

Out of thy Garments.

Scicm. Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ediles.

Mene. On both sides more respect.

Scicm. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your

power.

Brut. Seize him Ediles!

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:

Scicm. *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,

Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes

To'th' people: *Coriolanus*, patience: Speak good *Scicm.*

Bb 2 Scicm.